The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I vvould not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts, my gentle Queene.
Por. In termes of choiſe, I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a Maidens eyes:
Beſides, the Lotterie of my Deſtinie
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing.
But if my Father had not ſcanted mee,
And hedg'd me by his vvit, to yeeld my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) then ſtood as faire
As any commer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this *Symitare*
That ſlew the *Sophy*, and a Perſian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*;
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that looke,
Out-brave the Heart moſt daring on the earth,
Plucke the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhe-Beare;
Yea, mock the Lyon vvhen a rores for pray,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miſſe that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving. *Por.* You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come, bring me unto my chance.
Por. Firſt, forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazzard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me bleſt or curſedſt amongſt men. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve
this Iewe my Maſter: the fiend is at my elbow
ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Lance*
or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, uſe your legges, take t
way; my conſcience ſayes no, take heede honeſ
heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaide honeſt *La*
not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well
ous fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, awa
for the heavens rouſe up a brave minde ſayes th
well, my conſcience hanging about the necke o
very wiſely to me: my honeſt friend *Launcele*
mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne
Father did ſomething ſmacke, ſomething grow
of taſt; well, my conſcience ſayes *Launcelet* boug
the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conſcience; con
counſell well, fiend, ſay I, you counſell well, to b
ſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iewe my Maſter,
the marke) is a kinde of devill; and to runne a
I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſaying yo
devill himſelfe: certainly the Iew is the very d
and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a ki
ence, to offer to counſaile me to ſtay with the
gives the more friendly counſaile: I will runne
are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maſter young-man, you I pray you,
to maſter Iewes?
Launcelet. O heavens, this is my true begotte
ing more then ſand blinde, high gravell blinde,
will try confuſions with him.
Gobbo. Maſter young Gentleman, I pray you
to Maſter Iewes.
Launcelet Turne up on your right hand at
but at the next turning of all on your left; mar
turning turne of no hand, but turne down indir
houſe.